

*The Historie of*

What with our helpe, what with the absent King,  
What with the iniuries of wanton time,  
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,  
And the contrarious windes that helde the King  
So long in the vnluckie *Iris* Warres,  
That all in *England* did repute him dead;  
And from this swarme of faire aduantages,  
You tooke occasion to be quickly wooed,  
To gripe the generall sway into your hand,  
Forgot your oath to vs at *Dancaster*;  
And being fed by vs, you vs'de vs so,  
As that vngentle gull the Cuckowes bird,  
Vseth the Sparrow, did oppresse our nest,  
Grew by our feeding, to so great a bulke,  
That euen our loue durst not come neere your sight  
For feare of swallowing: but with nimble wing  
Wee were inforst for safety sake, to flie  
Out of your sight, and raise this present Head,  
Whereby we stand opposed by such meanes  
As you your selfe haue forg'd against your selfe,  
By vnkind vsage, dangerous countenance,  
And violation of all fayth and troth  
Sworne to vs in your younger enterprise.

*King.* These thinges indeed, you haue articulate,  
Proclaymed at Market crosses, read in Churches,  
To face the garment of Rebellion,  
With some fine colour that may please the eye  
Offickle changelings, and poore discontents,  
Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes  
Of hurly burly innouation:  
And neuer yet did Insurrection want  
Such water colours, to impaint his cause;  
Nor moody Beggars, staruing for a time,  
Of pel-mell hauocke and confusion.

*Prin.* In both your Armies, there is many a soule  
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter.  
If once they ioyne in tryall, tell your Nephew,  
The Prince of *Wales* doth ioyne with all the world

In

*Henry the fourth.*

In prayse of *Henry Percy*: by my hopes  
This present enterprise set of his head,  
I doe not thinke a brauer Gentleman,  
More active, more valiant, or more valiant young,  
More daring, or more bold, is now aliue,  
To grace this latter age with Noble deedes:  
For my part, I may speake it to my shame,  
I haue a trewant been to *Chualric*,  
And so I heare hee doth account mee too;  
Yet this before my Fathers Maiestie,  
I am content that he shall take the ods  
Of his great name and estimation,  
And will, to saue the blood on either side,  
Trie fortune with him in single fight.

*King.* And, *Prince of Wales*, so dare we venture thee,  
Albeit, considerations infinite  
Doe make against it: No good *Worcester*, no,  
Wee loue our people well; euen those we loue  
That are misled vpon your Coofens part:  
And will they take the offer of our Grace,  
Both hee, and they, and you, yea euery man,  
Shall be my friend againe, and Ile be his:  
So tell your Coofen, and bring me word,  
What he will doe. But if he will not yeeld,  
Rebuke and dread correction waite on vs,  
And they shall doe their office. So be gonn,  
We will not now be troubled with reply,  
We offer faire, take it aduisedly.

*Exit Worcester.*

*Prin.* It will not be accepted, on my life,  
The *Douglas* and the *Hotspur* both together,  
Are confident against the world in armes.

*King.* Hence therefore, euery Leader to his charge,  
For on their answer will we set on them;  
And God befrend vs, as our cause is iust.

*Exeunt. Manent*

*Fal. Hal*, if thou see me downe in the Battell  
And bestride me so, tis a point of friendship.

*Prin. Fal.*

*Prin.* Nothing but a *Colossus* can doe thee that friendship.  
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

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*Fal.*